

78.

Daniel Thomas

THE
LIFE AND DEATH
of the most blessed among women,
the Virgin MARY Mother of our
L O R D I n s v s .

With the Murder of the Infants in *Bethlehem, Indus*
his Treason, and the Confession of the good
Theife and the bad.



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minimis etiam vobis meo innotescit
et precepsimur in eorum in
tempore saeculo tribulatio
dixi o Rho eonceptus
vobis et ab amicis
vane ostendit ego inv
vobis



TO THE RIGHT
HONOURABLE AND
truly vertuous Lady, and Noble
Patronesse of good endeuors,
MARY Countesse of
Buckingham.
Right Honorable Madam:

 S the Graces, the
Vertues, the Sen-
ses, and the Muses,
are emblem'd, or
alluded to your noble sex, and

A 3



The Epistle

as all these haue ample resi-
dence in your worthy disposi-
tion: To whō then but to your
selfe, being a Lady in goodnes
compleat, should I comit the
patronage of the memory of
the great *Lady of Ladies*, Mo-
ther to the high and mighty
Lord of Lords? And though I
(a Taylor) haue not apparell'd

her





Dedicatory.

her in such garments of elocution and ornated stile, as befits the glory and eminency of the least part of her Excellency, yet I beseech your Honor to accept her for her own worth, and her Sonnes worthinesse, which Sonne of hers, by his owne merits, and the powerfull mercy of his Father, I

heartily





The Epistle.

heartily implore to giue your Honour a participation of his gracious Mothers eternall felicitie.

As I beseeche Your Honors to
knowe what I saye
affectionately to you all
Your Honors, bne
in all humble seruice
newfangled bair, to be commanded,
I wish'd eir to yestm th

written

JOHN TAYLOR.



The Argument and cause of this Poem.



Eing lately in Antwerpe,
it was my fortune to ouer-
looke an old printed booke
in prose, which I haue tur-
ned into verse, of the life,
death & buriall of our blessed Lady: wher-
in I read many things worthy of obseruati-
on, and many things fruulons and imper-
tinent; out of which I haue (like a Bee) best
suckt the sacred honey of the best authori-
ties of Scriptures, and Fathers which I

The Argument and

best credited, and I haue left the poysen
of Antichristianisme to those wher I found
it, (whose stomackes can better digest it.)
I haue put it to the Presse, presuming it
shall be accepted of pious Protestants and
charitable Catholikes, as for luke-warme
Nutralists, that are neyther hot nor cold,
they doe offend my appetite, and therefore
swip with them. The Schismatical Separa-
tist, I haue many times discouerst with him,
and though he be but a Botcher, or a But-
ton-maker, and at the most a lumpe of op-

nionated



cause of this Poeni.

nionated ignorance, yet hee will seeme to wring the Scriptures to his opinions, and presume to know more of the mysteries of Religion, then any of our reverend learned Bishops and Doctors.

I know this worke will be vniestimable in the pestiferous pallats of the dogmatical Amsterdammatists, but I doe, must & will acknowledge a most reverend honor & regard unto the sacred memory of this blessed Virgin Lady, Mother of our Lord and Redemeour Iesus; and in my thoughts (be

shall



The Argument and

I shall euer haue superlatiue respect aboue all Angels, Principalities, Patriarkes, Prophets, Apostles, Euangelists, or saints what soeuer, under the blessed Trinitie; yet (mistake me not) as there is a difference betwixt the immortall Creator, and a mortall creature, so (whilst I haue warrant sufficient from God himselfe, to invocate his name onely) I will not giue man, Saint, or Angell, any honор that may be derogatory to his eternall Maiestie.

As amongst women she was blest aboue

all,



cause of this Poem.

all, being aboue all full of Grace, so amongst
Saints I beleue she is supreame in Glory :
and it is an infallible truth, that as the Ro-
manists doe dishonor her much by their su-
perstitious honourable seeming attributes;
so on the other part, it is hellish and odious
to God and good men, either to forget
her, or (which is worse) to remember her
with impure thoughts, or vnbeseeming
speech for the excellency of so diuine a
Creature. I confess myself the meanest
of men, and most unworthy of all to write

of





The Argument, &c.

of her that was the best of Women, but my
hope is, that Charity will couer my faults,
and accept of my good meaning, especially
having endeououred and striuen to doe my
best: So wishing all hearts to giue this holy
Virgin such honour as may be pleasing to
God, which is, that all should paterne
their liues to her lifes example, in lowli-
nesse and humilitie, and then they shall be
exaltered where shee is in Glory with ete-
nitie.

John Taylor.

THE



THE LIFE AND
DEATH OF THE
most blessed amongst all
Women, the Virgin Mary,
the Mother of our Lord
Iesus Christ.

Before the Fire, Ayre, Water,
Earth were frant'd,
Sunne, Moone, or any thing
vnam'd or nam'd,
God was, who nere shall end,
nor nere began,
To whom all ages and all time's a spans:
By whose appointment each thing fades or growes,
And whose eternall knowledge all things knewes.

When

The Life and Death

When Adams finne pluck'd downe supernall Irc,
And Justice iudg'd him to infernall fire :
Then Mercy did the execution stay,
And the great price of man great debt did pay.
And as a Woman tempted Man to vice,
For which they both were thrust from Paradise :
So from a woman was a Sauours birth,
That purchas'd Man a heaven for losse of earth :
Our blest Redeemers Mother, that blest Shee,
Before the world by God ordain'd to be
A chosen vessel fittest of all other,
To be the Sonne of Gods most gratiouse Mother :
She is the theame that doth my Muse invite,
Vnworthy of such worthinesse to write.
I will no prayers nor invocations frame,
For intercession to this heauenly Dame,
Nor to her name one fruitlesse word shall runne,
To be my Mediatresse to her Sonne,

sonne

But

of the Virgin Mary.

But to th' eternall Trinitie alone,
Ile sing, Ile sigh, Ile inuocate and moane:
I prize no creatures glory at that rate,
The great Creators praise t'extenuate,
But to th' Almighty, (*ancient of all daies,*)
Be all dominion, honour, laud and praise.
I write the blest conception, birth, and life,
Of this beloued Mother, Virgin, Wife :
The joyes, the grieves, the death and buriall place
Of her most glorious, gracious, full of grace.

Her Father *Ioachim* a vertuous man,
Had long liu'd childlessc with his wife *S. Anna*,
And both of them did zealously intend,
If God did euer sonne or daughter send,
That they to him would dedicate it solely
To be his seruant, and to liue most holy:
God heard and granted freely their request,
And gaue them *Mary* (of that sex the best).

B

Ac

The Life and Death

At three yeares age, she to the Temple went,
And there eleauen yeares in deuotion spent:
At th'end of fourteene yeares it came to passe
This Virgin vnto Joseph spoused was.
Then after foure monthis time was past and gone,
Th'Almighty sent from his tribunall throne
His great Ambassador, which did vnfold
The great st amballage euer yet was told.
Hailo M A R Y full of heauenly grace (quoth he)
The (high omnipotent) Lord is with thee:
Blest amongst women (by Gods gracious doome)
And blessed be the fruit of thy blest wombe.
The Angels presence and the words he said
This sacred yndefiled Maid dismayd,
Amazed, musing what this message meant,
And wherefore God this messenger had sent:
Feare not (said Gabriel) M A R Y most renownd,
Thou with thy gracious God hast favour found,

For



of the Virgin Mary.

For loe thou shalt conceiue and beare a Sonne,
By whom redemption and saluation's wonne:
~~And thou his sauing Name shall I E S V S call,~~
Because he'll come to save his people all.
She humbly mildly heauens high Nuncius heares:
But yet, to be resolu'd of doubts and feares,
How can these things (quoth she) accomplish be,
When no man hath knowledge had with me?
The Holy Ghost (the Angell then replide)
Shall come upon thee, and thy God and guide,
The power of the most High shall shadow thee:
That holy thing that of thee borne shall be
Shall trulye called be the Sonne of God,
By whom Sinne, Death, and Hell shall downe be trod.
Then M A R Y to these speeches did accord,
And said, Behold the hand-maid of the Lord;
Be it to me according to thy will,
I am thine owne obedient seruant still.

B 2

This



The Life and Death

This being said, she tun'd her Angell tongue,

My soule doth magnifie the Lord, (she sung)

My spirit, and all my faculties, and voice,

In God my Sauour soley doth reioyce :

For though mans sinnes prouoke his grieuous wrath,

His humble hand-maid he remembred hath.

For now behold from this time henceforth shall

All generations me right blessed call :

He that is mighty me hath magniside,

And holy is his name : his mercies bide

On them that feare him (to prouoke his rage)

Throughout the spacious world, from age to age,

With his strong arme he bath shew'd strength, and bat-

The proud, and their imaginations scatterd.

He hath put downe the mighty from their seat,

The meeke and humble he exalted great,

To fill the hungry he is prouident,

When as the rich away are empty sent :

His



of the Virgin Mary.

*His mercies promis'd Abraham and his seed,
He hath remembred, and holpe Irael's need.*

This Song she sung with heart and holy sprighe,
To laud her Makers mercy and his might:
And the like Song sung with so sweet a straine
Was never, nor shall e'er be sung againe.

When *Mary* by the Angels speech perceu'd
How old *Elizabeth* a child conceiu'd,
To see her straight her pious mind was bent,
And to Ierusalem in three dayes she went.
And as the Virgin (comme from Nazareth)
Talk't with her kinswoman *Elizabeth*,
John Baptift, then vnnam'd, an vnborne boy,
Did in his mothers belly leape with ioy:
Both *Christ* and *John* vnborne, yet *John* knew thens
His great Redeemer and his God was neere.

When *Joseph* his pure wife with child espide,
And knew he never her accompanide,





The Life and Death

His heart was sad, he knew not what to say,
But in suspect would put her quite away.
Then from the high Almighty Lord supreme,
An Angell came to *Joseph* in a Dreame,
And said, *Feare not with Mary to abide,*
For that which in her blest wombe doth recide
Is by the holy Ghost in wonder done,
For of thy wife there shall be borne a Sonne,
From him alone Redemption all begins,
And he shall sauе his people from their sinnes.
This being said, the Angell past away,
And *Joseph* with his Virgin-wife did stay:
Then he and she with speed prepared them
To goe to *Davids* Citie Bethelēm,
Through winters weather, frost, & wind, and snow,
Foure weary dayes in trauell they bestow.
But when to Bethelēm they approched were
Small friendship, & leſſe welcom they found there:

No





of the Virgin Mary.

No chamber, nor no fire to warme them at,
For harbor onely they a stable gate
The Inne was full of more respeted guests,
Of Drunkards, Swearers, and of godleſſe beastes:
Those all had roome, whilst Glory and all Grace,
(But among beastes) could haue no lodgynge place.
There (by protection of th' Almichties wings)
Was borne the Lord of Lords, and King of Kings,
Our God with vs; our great *Emmanuel*,
Our *Iesus*, and our vanquisher of helpe.
There in a cratch a Iewell was brought forth,
More thē ten thousand thousand worlds in worth,
There did the humane nature and diuine,
The Godhead with the Manhood both combine:
There was this Maiden-mother brought to bed,
Where Oxen, Kine, and Horses lodg'd and fed:
There this bright Queen of Queens with heauenly
Did hug her Lord, her life, her God, her Boy. (oy,



The Life and Death

Her Sonne, her Sauour, her immortall blisse,^{book}
Her sole Redeemer, She might rocke and kille.
Oh blessed Lady, of all Ladies blest:
Blessed for euer, for thy sacred brest
Fed him that all the famisht soules did feed,
Of the lost sheepe of Israels forlorne seed.
A Stable being heauen and earths great Court.
When forty dayes were ended in that sort,
This virgin-mother, and this maiden-Bride,
(All pure) yet by the Law was purifide.
Old Simeon being in the Temple than,
He saw the Sonne of God, and Sonne of man.
He in his aged armes the babe imbrac'd,
And ioying in his heart he so was grac'd,
He with these words wisht that his life might cease,
Lord let thy Servant now depart in peace,
Mine eyes haue seene thy great saluation,
My Loue, my Iesus, my Redemption.

Vno



of the Virgin Mary.

Unto the Gentiles everlasting light, unto Israel
To Israel the glory and the might,
Hope, faith and zeale, truth, constancy and loue,
To sing this song did good old Simson moue.
Then turning to our Lady most divine,
Thy Sonne (said hee) shall once stand for a signe,
And hee shall be the cause that many shall,
By faith or unbelife arise or fall.
He shall be railed upon without desert,
And then shall sorrowes sword pierce through thy heart.

As Iesus fame grew daily more and more,
The tyrant Herod it amazed sore.
The Sages said, borne was great Iudaes King,
Whiche did usurping Herods conscience fling:
For Herod was an Idumean base,
Not of the Kings of Iudahs Royall Race:
And hearing one of Davids true borne Line
Was borne, he fear'd his State he should resigne.

And



The Life and Death

And well he knew he kept the Jewes in awe,
With slauish feare, not loue, against right and law.
For tis most true: "A Prince that's fear'd of many,
"Must many feare, and scarce be lou'd of any."
Hered beleaguer'd with doubts, feares and woes,
That *Iesus* should him of his Crowne depose,
He chaf'd and vext, and almost grew starkemad,
To usurpation he did murder adde:
An Edict sprung from his hell-hatched braine,
Commanding all male Infants should be slaine,
Of two yeares old and vnder through the Land,
Supposing *Iesus* could not scape his hand.
But God to *Joseph* downe an Angell sent,
Commanding him by flight he should preuent
The murderers malice, and to Egypt flye,
To sauе our Saviour from his tyranny.
Our blessed Lady with a carefull flight,
Her blessed Babe away did beare by night;

Whilst



of the Virgin Mary.

Whilst Bethlehem with bloody villaines swarmes,
That murdered Infants in their Mothers armes:
Some slaughter'd in their Cradles, some in bed,
Some at the dugg, some newly borne struck dead:
Some sweetly fast asleepe, some smiles awake,
All butcher'd for their Lord and Sauours sake.
Their wofull mothers madly here and there
Ran rending of thir cheeke, their eyes, and hayre:
The tyrant they with execrations curst,
And in despaire, to desperate acts ourburst.
Some all in fury end their wofull lives
By banefull poison, halters or by kniues,
And some to sorrow were so fast combind, (blind):
They wept, and wept, and wept themselues starke
And being blinde (to lengthen out their mones)
They piec'd their sorrows out with sighs & grones
Thus with vnceasing griefe in many a mother,
Teares, sighs and grones did one succeed the other.

But



The Life and Death

But till the tyrant Herods dayes were done,
The Virgin staid in Egypt with her Sonne.
Then backe to Nazareth they return'd againe.
When twelve yeares age our Sauiour did attaine,
Her Sonne, her selfe, her husband, all of them
Together trauell'd to Ierusalem ;
The Virgin there much sorrow did endure,
The most pure mother lost her Childe more pure,
Three daies with heauy harts, with care & thought
Their best belou'd they diligently sought.
But when she found her Lord she held most deare,
Joy banisht griefe, and loue exiled feare.
There in the Temple Iesus did confute
The greatest Hebrew Doctors in dispute.
But Doctors all are dunces in this case,
To parley with th' eternall Sonne of grace.
Th' immortall mighty Wisedome and the Word
Can make all humane sapience meere absurd.

Soene



of the Virgin Mary.

Soone after this, (as ancient Writers say)
God tooke the Virgins virgin-soule away.
Good Joseph dide, and went to heauenly rest,
Blest by th' Almighties mercy 'mongst the blest.
Thus Mary was of her goodman bereft,
A Widow, Maiden, Mother being left.
In holy contemplation she did spend
Her life for such a life as nere shall end.

Search but the Scriptures as our Saviour bid,
There shall you finde the wonders that he did.
As first, how he (by his high power diuine)
At Canaa turned water into wine:
How he did heale the blind, deafe, dumb & lame:
How with his word he windes and seas did tame,
How he from men possest fiends dispossed:
How he to all that came gaue easse and rest:
How with two fishes and fие loaves of bread,
He fed fiuie thousand : how he rais'd the dead:

How

shoqque



The Life and Death

How all things that he euer did or taught,
Past and surpast all that ere taught or wrought:
And by these miracles he sought each way
To draw soules to him, too long gone astray.
At last appoacht the full prefixed time,
That Gods blest Sonne must dye for mans curst
Then Iesus to Ierusalem did goe, (crime.)
And left his mother full of griefe and woe,
Oh woe of woes, and griefe surpassing griefe,
To see her Saviour captiu'd as a thiefe :
Her Loue (beyond all loues) her Lord herall,
Into the hands of sinfull slaues to fall.
If but a Mother hatte a wicked sonne,
That hath to all disorderd orders run,
As treasons, rapes, blasphemyngs, murthier, theft,
And by the Law must be of life bereft ;
Yet though he suffer lustly by desert,
His suffering surely wounds his mothers heart.

weli

Suppose



of the Virgin Mary.

Suppose a woman have a vertuous childe,
Religious, honest, and by nature smilde,
And he must be to execution brought,
For some great faul he never did nor thought,
And she behold him when to death hee's put;
Then sure tormenting griefe his heart must cut,
These grieves are all as nothing vnto this,
Of this blest mother of eternall blisse:
Her gratiouse Sonne that never did amisse,
His gracielesse seruant with a *Judas* kille
Betraid him vnto misbelieuing slaues,
Where he was led away with bils and staves,
To *Annas*, *Caiphas*, *Pilate*, and to those
That to th'immortall God were mortall foes.
Ah *Judas* couldst thou make so base account
Of him, whose worth doth heauen and earth sur-
Didst thou esteeme of 30. paulyre pence, (modint)
More then the life of the eternall Prince?

O



The Life and Death

O monstrous blindnesse, that for so small gaine
Soldst endlesse blisse to buy perpetuall paine.
Is't possible damn'd auarice could compell
Thee sell heauens kingdome for the sincke of Hell?
Our Father *Adam* vnto all our woes,
Did for an apple blessed Eden lose:
And *Esa*n borne a Lord, yet like a slave
His birth-right for a messe of porrage gaue:
And poore *Ghebez* telling of a lye,
His couetousnesse gain'd his leprosie.
And though the rest their deeds doe disallow,
Yet they made better matches farre then thou.

I doe not here impute this deed of shame
On *Iudas* because *Iudas* was his name:
For of that name there haue beene men of might,
Who the great battels of the Lord did fight,
And others more. But sure this impure blot
Stickes to him, as hee's nam'd *Iskarrion*;

For

of the Virgin Mary.

For in an Anagram Iskariott is,
By letters transposition, traytor kis.

I S K A R R Y O T T

Anagramma.

T R A Y T O R K I S



K Ille Traytor, kisse, with an intent to kill,
And cry all haile, when thou dost meane all ill;
And for thy fault no more shall Judas be
A name of treason and foulc infamie,
But all that fault I'le on Iskariott throw,
Because the Anagram explanes it so.
Iskaryott for a bribe, and with a kisse,
Betraide his Master, the blest King of blisse:
And after (but too late) with conscience wounded,
Amaz'd, and in his senses quite confounded,

C

Wi h



The Life and Death

With crying woe, woe, woe on woe on me,
I haue betraid my Master for a fee,
Oh I haue sinned, sinned past compare,
And want of grace and faith pluekes on despayre.
Oh too-too late it is to call for grace !
What shall I doe ? where is some secret place,
That I might shield me from the wrath of God ?
I haue deseru'd his everlasting rod.
Then farewell grace, and faith, and hope, and loue,
You are the gifts of the great God aboue,
You onely on th'Elect attendants be :
Despayre, hell, horror, terror is for me,
My haynous sinne is of such force and might,
'Twill empt th'exchequer of Gods mercy quite:
And therefore for his mercy Ile not call,
But to my iust deseru'd perdition fall.
I still most gracelesse haue all grace withstood,
And now I haue betraid the guiltlesse blood.

My





of the Virgin Mary.

My Lord and Master I haue sold for pelfe,
This hauing said, despayring hang'd himselfe.
There we leaue him, and now must be exprest
Something of her from whom I haue digrest.

The Virgins hart with thousand grieves was riupt,
To see her Sauiour flouted, hated, whipt,
Despightfulnes beyond bespight was vs'd,
And with abuse past all abus'e abus'd.

His apprehension grieu'd her heart full sore,
His cruell scourges grieu'd her ten times more,
& when his blessed head with thorns was crown'd
Then floods of grieve on grieve her soule did woud
But then redoubled was her grieve and feare,
When to his death his Crosse she saw him beare.
And lastly (but alas not least nor last)
When he vpon the tree was nayled fast,
With bitter teares, & deep heart-wounding groves
With sobs, and sighs, this maiden-mother moanes.

C 2

What





The Life and Death

What tongue or penne can her great griefe vnfold,
When Christ said, *Woman now shye Sonne behold?*
That voyce (like Ice in Iunc) more cold and chyll,
Did dangerously wound and almost kill :
Then (as old Simeon prophesied before)
The sword of errour through her heart did gore,
And if 't were possible all womens woes,
One woman could within her brest inclose, (raine;
They were but pusses, sparks, moale-hils, drops of
To whirl-winds, meteors, kingdomes, or the main:
Vnto the woes, grieves, sorrowes, sighs and teares,
Sobs, gronings, terrors, and a world of feares,
Which did beset this Virgin on each side,
When as her Sonne, her Lord and Sauiour didde,
Thus he, to whom compar'd, all things are drosse,
Humbled himselfe to death, euen to the Crosse :
He that said, *Let there be, and there was light,*
He that made all things with his myghty myght,

He





of the Virgin Mary.

He by whom all things haue their life and breath,
He humbled himselfe vnto the death ;
Vnto the death of the curst Crosse : this he,
This he, this hee of hee's did stoope for me :
For me this welspring of my soules relief,
Did suffer death, on eyther hand a theefe,
The one of them had runne a theeuing race,
Robd God of Glory and himselfe of grace :
He wanted lively faith to apprehend
To end his life for life that nere shall end :
With faithlesse doubts his mind is armed stiffe,
And doth resile our Sauiour with an If,
If that thou be the Sonne of God (quoth he)
Come from the Crosse, and sauе thy selfe and me :
The other Thiefe, arm'd with a sauing faith,
Vnto his fellow turn'd, and thus he saith ;
Thou guilty wretch, this man is free and cleare
From any crime for which he suffers here :

LnA

C 3

We





The Life and Death

We haue offended, we haue injur'd many,
But this man yet did never wrong to any.
We iustly are condemn'd, he false accus'd,
He hath all wrong, all right to vs is vs'd,
Hee's innocent, so are not thou and I:
We by the Law are iustly iudg'd to dye.
Thus the good theefe even at his latest cast
Contrary to a theefe, speake truth at last.
And looking on our Sauiour faithfully,
(Whilst Christ beheld him with a gracious eye)
These bleit words were his prayers totall summe;
O Lord, when thou shalt to thy kingdome come
Remember me. Our Sauiour answer'd then
(A doctrine to confute despairing men,) *Comes*
I hon (who by lively faith last hold on me)
This day in Paradise with me shall be. *comes*
Thus as this theefes life was by thest supplide,
So now he stole heauens kingdomewhen he dide.

And





of the Virgin Mary.

And I doe wish all Christians to agree,
Not t'live as ill, but dye as well as he :
Presumptuous sinnes are no way here excus'd,
For here but one was fai'd and one refus'd.
Despayre for sinnes hath here no rule or ground,
For as here's one was lost, so one was found,
To teach vs not to sinne with wilfull pleasure,
And put repentance off, to our last leasure.
To shew vs though we liu'd like Lewes and Turkes
Yet Gods great mercy is aboue his workes.
To warne vs not presume, or to despayre,
Here's good example in this theeuing payre.
These seas of care (with zealous fortitude)
This Virgin paist among the multitude.
(O h gratiouse paterne of a sex so bad)
Oh the supernall patience that she had,
Her zeale, her constancy, her truch, her loue,
The very best of women her doth proue,





The Life and Death

Maids, wiues, & mothers, all conforme your liues
To hers, the best of women, maids, or wiues,
But as her Sonnes death made her woes abound,
His resurrection all grieve did confound:
She saw him vanquish't and inglorious,
And after saw him Victor most victorious:
She saw him in contempt to lose his breath,
And after that she saw him conquer death:
She saw him (blest) a cursed death to dye,
And after saw him rise triumphantly:
Thus she that sorrowed most had comfort most,
Ioy doubly did returne, for gladnesse lost:
And as before her torments tyranniz'd,
Her ioy could after not be equalizd;
Her Sonnes (all wondred) resurrection,
Her Sauiours glorious ascension,
And last the Holy Ghost from heauen sent downe,
These mighty mercies all her ioyes did crowne.

Suppose





of the Virgin Mary.

Suppose a man that were exceeding poore,
Had got a thousand tunnes of golden ore,
How would his heart be lifted vp with mirth,
At this great masse of treasure (most part earth).
But to be rob'd of all in's height of glory,
Would not this lucklesse man be much more sory.
Then ever he was glad for in the mind,
Griefe more then ioy doth most abiding find.
But then suppose that after all this losse,
The gold is well refined from the drosse,
And as the poore man doth his losse complaines,
His wealth (more pure) should be restor'd againe.
Amidst his passionis (in this great relife)
I doubt not but his ioy would conquer griefe.
Euen so our blessed Lady having lost
Her ioy, her Jewell she esteemed most,
Her all in all, the heauen and earths whole treasure,
Her gracious heart was grieved out of measure.

But



The Life and Death

But when she found him in triumphant state,
No tongue or pen her joy could then relate.
She lost him poore and bare, and dead and cold,
She found him rich, most glorious to behold.
She lost him when vpon his backe was hirld
The burden of the sinnes of all the world:
She lost him mortall, and immortall found him,
For crown of thorns a crown of glory crownd him.
Thus all her grefes, her losse, her cares and paine,
Return'd with ioyes inestimable gaine.

But now a true relation I will make
How this blest Virgin did the world forsake.
Tis probable thus as our Saviour bid
Saint John to take her home, that so he did.
And it may be suppos'd she did abide
With him, and in his house vntill she died.
John did ouerlive the Apostles every one,
For when *Domitian* held th' Imperiall throng

of the Virgin Mary.

To th' Isle of Patmos he was banisht then,
And there the Revelation he did pen.
But whilst *John at Jerusalem did stay*,
God tooke the blessed Virgin's life away.
For after Christ's Ascension it appears,
She on the earth abidid fifteen yeares,
Full sixty three yeare she did endure,
A sad glad pilgrimage, a life most purer.
At sixty three yeare age Her life did fade,
Her soules most gloriouse was most glorious made,
Where with her Son, her Saviour, her Lord God,
She everlastingly had her abode.

In such fruition of immortall glory,
Which cannot be describ'd in mortall story.

There mounted (meek) she sits in Maiestie,
Exalted there is her humilitie,
There she that was adorred full of Grace,
Beholds her Makers and Redemeers face.

And

The Life and Death

And there she is amongst all blessed spirits) *I' d i o T*
(Be imputation of our Saviours merits,) *A n o d i b o A*
She there shall ever and for ever sing *M i l d w i n D*
Eternall praise vnto th' Eternall King. *G o y l o o t G*
When she had paid the debt that all must pay, *F r o t F*
When from her corps her soule was past away. *S g i s*
To *Getsemay*, with lamenting cheare, *H u i a l H u I*
Her sacred body on the beere they beare, *B e l o h A*
There in the earth a Iewell was interd, *U b e x f i t A*
That was before all earthly wights preferd, *J u o t H*
That holy wife, that mother, that pure maid, *W i p f*
At *Getsemay* in her graue was laid. *S p e c c o r t i s s i l l a*

Lennoy.

This worke deserues the worke of better wit, *s o d T*
But I (like Pilate) say, Whars writ is writ? *E z*
If it be lik'd: poore artles I am glad, *u h o n t a r d T*
And Charity I hope will mend what's bad. *s p o r d B*



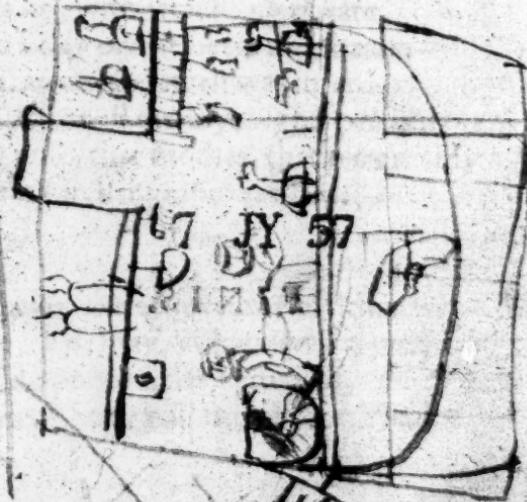
of the Virgin Mary.

I know my selfe the meanest amongst men,
The most vnlearnedst that ere handled pen :
But as it is into the world I send it,
And therefore pray commend it, or come mend it.]

FINIS.



*And especially by a certain number
of them, who were
not only very
well informed
in the art of
navigation,
but also
had
the best
opportunities
of observing
the
phenomena
of the
Heavens.*



Let's have a picnic to-morrow afternoon in the garden.